e
else who is super-human. In the same manner, we cannot observe the glories of the firmament above us, its infinite extent, its beauty, and the imperishable, ever-progressive soul within us, and the marvellous skill wherewith every plant and animal and individual self has its wants cared for and yet fail to see that there must be a Supreme Being, an Intelligent Maker of the visible and the invisible world.

We cannot receive good without thinking of a bestower of good. We cannot rest in the sense of bounties without some conception of a donor. The mind craves after it. It would be almost a miserable life which was spent in the continuous reception of bounties from an unknown hand. Man would become restless and enfevered to find out the benefactor. Gratitude demands expression, enforces search for the giver. Hence the ceaseless life-long search and pursuit of the Rishis in quest of the Supreme Being through various spiritual *sadhanas* and their eventual success in discovering Him and their immersion in His Bliss. One of the outstanding characteristics of the Rishis is that they were never satisfied unless they preached to thousands around them the truths they discovered and

shared with them
the bliss they themselves enjoyed. Even as
the flower
blossoms not for its own pleasure, even as
the stream flows
not for its own benefit, even as the tree
stands not for its
own comfort, even as the mountain stands
not for its own
majesty, the lives of Rishis are not meant
solely for their
own advancement but as a source of
strength to the whole
of humanity. They accordingly went forth,
each one of
them, in ecstatic raptures as the humble
instruments of the
Supreme Wielder of the destinies of
mankind, proclaiming
to the world:

"I have discovered the Sweet God. I have seen the Great Spirit. Listen to me, ye sons of Immortal Bliss, even ye who Hve in the heavenly abode, I have found the Ancient One; I